

THE EPISTAXIS



Volume--Infinity

Conference
8 o'clock

Wednesday, February 16th

Autopsy
11 o'clock

Anno-tomical 1916

"THEY WOULDN'T DO A THING TO'EM"



IF THE MED'S HAD ONLY HALF A CHANCE AT THE PROFESSORS.

Further Proof that Insanity is only a Question of Degree!

All is not bliss that blisters.
Dogs beat dentists. They insert natural teeth.
A willing prisoner—A man locked in slumber.
People of color—Those having the blues.
"The Voices of the Night."—Those blessed babies.

A Cure for Cold.—When your hands are dead bury them in your pockets.

"I'll take the starch out of you," as the perspiration said to the shirt collar.

The organization of a Castor Oil Trust is a very nauseating affair.

A natural artist—One who draws his breath.
Ladies wear corsets from instinct—a natural love of being squeezed.

The winter of Adam's discontent came directly after his fall.

'Tisn't always the man with the most nose who knows the most.

We know a girl so industrious that when she has nothing else to do she sits and knits her brow.

Honor among thieves is doubtless a sort of a steal trust.

It is a trifle difficult just now to tell whether it is whiskey or influenza that has the grip on the red-nosed individual.

Steam, said a second year Med, is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration.

We never knew a person to eat ordinary lumber, but we have known them to dine on ship-board.

A Med does not always get much comfort out of his first cigar, but he gets a heap of experience.

A man with the heart disease is about the only chap who desires a "regular beat" for a bosom friend.

"I wish the hot weather would come along," sighed the thermometer; "people are beginning to look upon me as a thing of low degree."

The Epistaxis

Editor..... H. A. HESSIAN
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"Daffydil Night"

Under the auspices of the Medical Society of University of Toronto.

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A STARR OPERATION

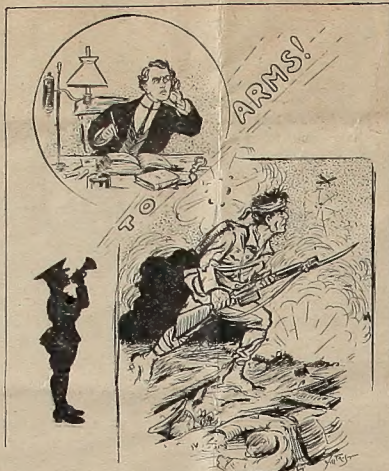


Don't Laugh---It's Serious!

A boil in the pot is worth two on the neck.
A hen is a very superior creature, but she could never lay a corner-stone.
The tobacconist recognizes the fitness of things when he wears a plug hat.
"I've had a drop too much," as the man exclaimed when he was hanged.
"Court"-ing after marriage—Getting a divorce.
The kangaroos are dying out; they have for years been on their last legs.
The greatest triumph of the surgical art—To take the jaw out of a scolding woman.
The idea of talking about having policemen vaccinated. Leave them alone. They'll never catch anything.
Mary and Tommy had attended a talk by a returned missionary. On their return home their father asked: "Did he tell you about the poor heathen?"
"Oh, yes," answered Mary eagerly. "He said that they were often very hungry, and when they beat on their tum-tums it could be heard for miles."

The new baby had shown himself possessed of extraordinary lung power.
"Ma, little brother came from heaven, didn't he?"
"Yes, dear," answered Mother.
"I say, Ma."
"What is it, Johnny?"
"I don't blame the angels for slinging him out, do you?"

A minister went to visit a poor woman in Scotland who had just lost her husband. He tried to speak consolingly to her by pointing out that the deceased was in a much happier state.
"Just think, my good woman," said the worthy divine; "your dear husband is perhaps at this moment playing on a harp."
"Na, na," interrupted the sobbing widow; "mickle guid tha' 'll dae his rheumatisms, sittin' on a cauld auld blawin' a trumpet."



This Sounds like 999 Queen W!

"Do you think you'll be able to pull through?" anxiously inquired the needle of the thread. "Eye guess so," was the curt response.

We personally know of three devoted five-dollar bills which have been celebrating lent for quite a long while.

Although a hen may lay one egg every twenty-four hours, it is said a ship can "lay-to" in the same space of time.

A humorous apothecary in Boston exposes a case of soap in his shop window with the pertinent inscription, "Cheaper than dirt."

Prof. McP. told a patient not to sit in his shirt sleeves or he would catch cold. How can a man sit in his shirt sleeves?

It is a well-established principle of economics that the young man who would get up with the sun should not stay up later than ten o'clock with the daughter.

Dear Doctor—Your medicine ought to be in every home. My mother-in-law took a dose and died ten minutes later. Please send me another bottle for my wife.

I went into a restaurant to-day and the girl who came to my order said: "I've got frog's legs, chicken's liver, calves' brains, and—"

I interrupted her and told her she ought to see a physician.

"They say that Eye is the only woman that never looked behind her to see what the other woman had on. But then you know she was only a side issue."

Bobbie—Say Joey, where can my wife buy powder?

Joey—What kind, face, gun, bug or seidlitz?

"I fell off a sixty-five foot ladder to-day."

"It's a miracle you weren't killed."

"Oh, I only fell off the first round."

"I say," said the war correspondent to a young German in hospital, "they tell me that when the English shell blew you up you were all calm and collected." "I was calm," said the German, "but the others were collected."



After the Anaesthetic!

The young woman who marries a dissipated young man with the idea of reforming him is liable to have her hands full as well as her husband.

"I find it is always best to keep cool," said the snow. "Exactly," replied the sidewalk, "I catch your drift."

His name was Wrath, and when he asked his girl to marry him she gave him a soft answer, and a soft answer turneth away Wrath.

"Great cats," said the pup, "talk about your nerve! Someone has gone and put up a building right over the place where I buried a bone."

A Lady Med says: "Nothing looks worse on a lady than darned stockings." Allow us to observe that stockings which need *darning* look much worse than darned ones—darned if they don't.

One day in the dining-car the boy across the aisle got to laughing so he couldn't stop. I said to his mother, "That boy needs a spanking." She said, "Well, I don't believe in spanking a boy on a full stomach." I said, "Neither do I. Turn him over."

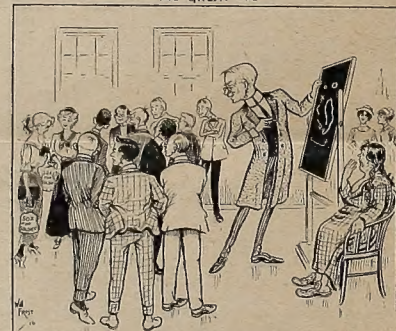
"I believe," declared the Irishman, "that me youngest son's born t'be a surgeon."

"Phvat leads ye t'say that?" asked his friend. "Oi caught him usin' the scissors on a book Oi'd lately bought and before Oi c'd stop him he cut out the appendix."

Said an Irishman to his friend, "I'd have ye know, Pat, that I've got a fine boy baby, an' me neighbors say he's the pictur of meself."

His friend, having in mind the ugly mug that Murphy carried, hesitated a bit and consolingly said: "Well, Murphy, what's the harm if he do resemble ye, providin' the child is healthy."

THE GREAT ONE



Looks like Freshman Stuff!

A Freshman wishes to know whether a circulating library ought to be kept in a stationery store.

"Those who use our goods are very much attached to them," is what a porous-plaster company advertises.

The young man in love doesn't care so much about having a yacht at sea as having a little smack ashore.

Sweetening one's coffee is generally the first stirring event of the day.

"That was a great down-fall," said the barber when he finished shaving the Freshman Med's upper lip.

Melancholy Suicide—A little boy, on being threatened with a whipping, hung his head. You can always find a sheet of water on the bed of the ocean.

"I see this medicine is good for man and beast."

"Yes," said the druggist.
"Gimme a bottle. I believe that is the right combination to help my husband."

A little boy heard his parents discussing evolution. Later he said to his mother: "Mamma, am I descended from a monkey?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I never met any of your father's people."

"I want to be procrastinated at de nex' corner," said the negro passenger.

"You want to be what?" demanded the conductor.

"Don't lose your temper, Mr. Conductor. Don't lose your temper. I had to look in de dictionary myself befo' I found out dat 'procrastinate' means put off."

THE NEW DOG.



Gee! It's Great to be Crazy!

A Great Aid to the Temperance Cause—Lemonade.

A Corn-extractor that has never been patented—The crow.

"It is easy enough to catch on," as the fly remarked when he lit on the fly-paper.

In Michigan a bride may be married without gloves—precisely the way she handles her husband.

"You are very pressing," as the filberts said to the nut-crackers.

Was it a mean editor that headed the account of death from delirium tremens, "Spirited away"?

When a draft passes through a bank, does it give the clerks cold?

An unanswerable question—"How can we part?" as the barber said to his bald-headed customer.

Query—Have the elements a right to brew a storm without a license?

"I am at your service, ma'am," as the burglar said when the lady of the house caught him stealing her silver.

Aunt—"Willie, an angel brought your mamma such a nice new brother for you last night. Wouldn't you like to see the dear little baby?"

Willie—"No; but I'd like to see the angel."

One Med's father is an undertaker. He uses an automobile hearse. Folks are just dying to ride in it.

A painter, who fell off a scaffold with a pot of paint in each hand, said: "Well, I came down with flying colors, anyhow."

A man all out of breath recently rushed into a hardware store and said to the clerk: "A nickel mouse trap, please, and let me have it quickly, as I want to catch a train."

A little girl rushed into the drug store, handed the druggist a note, and said: "Maw wants this quick."

And the druggist opened the note and read: "Please send me a dime's worth of calomel and soda for a man in a capsule."

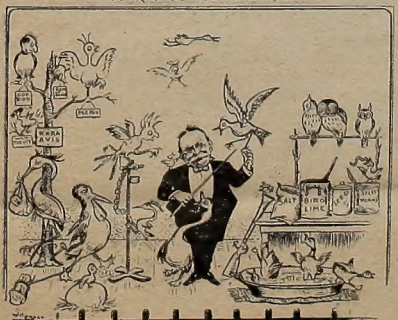
"Yes," said the specialist at the bedside of the sick buyer, "I can cure you."

"What will it cost?" asked the sick man, faintly.

"Ninety-five dollars."

"You'll have to shade your price a little," replied the purchasing agent. "I have a better bid than that from the undertaker."

DEAN (PROFESSOR UNIVERSALIS) CLARKE



THIS ART PSYCHOLOGY, ANTHROPOLOGY, PSYCHOGRAPHY, LITHOGRAPHY, ZOOLOGY, AND PAINTING OF THEM ALL! BOTANICAL NATURALIST, GENIUS, ORNITHOLOGIST, KAY BUREAU OF THE CITY, AND AN ARTIST THROUGH AND THROUGH.

Daffydil Night

In spite of a most strenuous year and of the fact that scores and scores of medical students have gone to fight for King and Empire and hundreds more will go at the closing of this College term, Daffydil Night must remain an annual affair—the biggest U. of T. social function. To this end a large percentage of Meds have at considerable self sacrifice been rehearsing their parts and otherwise busying themselves in perfecting to-night's performance. This year's chairman A. W. Knox has been most unstinting in his time and energies and he deserves much credit for the final result. Thanks too is due to the Committee and performers for their unselfish endeavors and lastly don't forget the "Live Wire" our most honored and likeable Dean whose penchant for amateur theatricals lures him mightily into Daffydil preparations. We wish here to thank him for all this as well as his donation of lantern slides, drawings, etc. The seating capacity has again been over-taxed—hundreds having to be refused tickets—for this we are sorry but it is unavoidable. Many of our boys who helped in former times to make Daffydil Night a success are now at the Front—here's to them! Many of us follow soon, but Daffydil Night will go on just the same. The net proceeds are donated to the Social Service Fund of the T. G. H.

APPLIED SCIENCE.



HOW VERY MUCH PLEASANTER—FOR DOCTOR AND NURSE.

They'll Pinch the Editor!

A carriage cleaner has to sponge for a living. The Board of Health—Three meals a day.

An adulterated milk vendor writes to ask if there are any pumps in the Milky Way.

A patch is often the sign of poverty; but not when it is a strawberry patch.

Fish sleep in the bed of the river.

There's nothing boisterous about the love for whiskey—it's a still affection.

No man can be all right—half of him is left.

"I always sleep on my front porch."

"You do? I prefer to sleep on my left side."

"Do you believe that dark haired men marry first?"

"No, it's the light-headed ones."

"If you are in doubt about kissing a girl what do you do?"

"Give her the benefit of the doubt."

"Your father has a strong box at home, hasn't he, Willie?" said the teacher.

"Yes'm," replied Willie; "the one he keeps the limburger cheese in."

Mandy—"How is your sister getting along?" Liza—"The doctor says she is convalescent."

Mandy—"Ain't dat a shame and your poor aunt died of dat last week."



THE CLINIC IN A WAR CLOUD

Yes, He's at Liberty Yet!

In art matters the education of eye, of course, includes the proper treatment of the pupils.

The difference between a woman and an umbrella is that you can shut up an umbrella.

A Southern paper speaks of "the death of several citizens from throat disease, superinduced by razors."

"Come up to the scratch," as the cat said to the lap-dog.

A very benevolent lady has taken the idea into her head of knitting a pair of hose for a fire engine.

Of all the methods of capital punishment the guillotine takes the head.

Mirrors reflect without speaking and women often speak without reflecting.

You can't do that again, as the pig said when the boy cut off his tail.

A cross-eyed man was arrested for burglary. He was found to be straight, although he looked crooked.

Those who "pine" in youth can never look "spruce" in old age.

We are never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless we have it from her own mouth.

A nice little boy calls himself Compass because he is boxed so often.

A man cannot help being contented with his lot when he's buried in it.

During the fighting a Highlander had the misfortune to get his head blown off. A comrade communicated the sad news to another gallant Scot, who asked anxiously: "Where's his head? He was smokin' ma pipe."

Mike—"Pat, there's only wan thing will cure malaria—that's whiskey and quinine."

Pat (anxiously)—"Where can ye get it?"

Mike—"Th' whiskey and quinine?"

Pat—"No; malaria."

Two Irishmen, meeting one day, were discussing local news.

"Do you know Jim Skelly?" asked Pat.

"Faith," said Mike, "an' I do."

"Well," said Pat, "he has had his appendix taken away from him."

"Ye don't say so!" said Mike. "Well, it serves him right. He should have had it in his wife's name."

The fervent temperance orator stopped in the midst of his speech and said, impressively:

"My friends, if all the pubs were at the bottom of the sea, what would be the inevitable result?"

And from the back of the room came the loud and emphatic reply:

"Lots of people would get drowned!"



Nurse—"Now, is there anything else I can do for you?"

Tommy (with vinegar cloth on head, salt bag on chest, and mustard plaster on feet)—"Well, Nurse, you might just put a pepper plaster on my back and then I shall be a bloomin' eruct."



AS SEEN FROM THE VIEW-POINT OF THE PATIENT AND NURSE

Absolutely Dippy!

A doctor attended an old lady in Scotland who had a severe cold.

"Did your teeth chatter when you felt the chill coming over you?" asked the doctor.

"I dinna ken, doctor; they were lying on the table!" was the pleasant reply.

Johnnie—"Doctor Smith brought us a new baby last night."

Jimmie—"That's nothing; we take from him too."

Boarder—"Are these French sardines that you have given me?"

Irish Waiter—"Now, as to that I couldn't say, for they were pasht shpaking whin we opened the box."

An Irishman, who was sleeping all night with a negro had his face blackened by a practical joker. Starting off in a hurry in the morning, he caught sight of himself in a mirror. Puzzled, he stopped and gazed, and finally exclaimed: "Begorra, they've woke the wrong man!"

Boy—"Please, doctor, will you come and see father at once."

Doctor—"What's the matter with him?"

Boy—"He can't stop laughing, Doctor."

Doctor—"What on earth is he laughing at?"

Boy—"Mother's caught her tongue in the mangle."

"Yes," the young medico sighed, "the healing profession is full of difficulties. The other day, for instance, I had a patient who ought to have gone to a warmer climate. Couldn't afford it. I decided to try hypnotism. I painted a large sun on the ceiling, and by suggestion induced him to think it was the sun."

"And how did it work?" inquired the listener. The Doctor passed a hand wearily over his brow.

"He's down with sunstroke," he said, sadly.

"Marriages," said the old-fashioned sentimental, "are made in heaven."

"Yes," remarked Miss Cayenne, "but some of them are like motor cars—they run badly after they leave the factory."

THE SOPHS' CONTRIBUTION.

Once upon a time Jeffrey and Johnson had a Sp(r)att over a Little Speck of Sander. Wilson and Bryan were the seconds and Alexander the fat was referee. As the altercation was settled in one of the sunny Brown Dales off the Lane going up Wellwood Hill at three Bells in the afternoon of a Halliday two Sommers ago, and, further, as there was no exSpence, everyone was Free to go. The Moon was shining brightly (he uses eau de quinine). McLean, the great Hunter, and his Kinsman, McCormack, were hidden in the Hayes behind the Gray Cornwall ready to hustle back in McCormack's three-Wheeler if they should see the Allis(t)on cop coming. It was a draw until the sixth round and then Johnson struck Jeffrey in the Neelands. It was a foul blow, but Alex. the fat didn't see it. Now, Jeffrey had the Ives and the blow stopped his Hart. He took the count. Cassidy, the Carter, was hustled forward to Carrie the fallen idol to Miller's house in Vanderburgh. He kept time to tune "I didn't want to do it." Dr. Williamson Crehan pronounced life extinct and poor Jeffrey was buried with all the honours of war in a Glassberg, where he remains to this day a Warner to all boys who are inclined to practise the pugilistic art.

Heard among the Profs!

Where the heart is, the lungs are close by.

A third year Med caught the hay fever from dancing with a grass widow.

"Hello, is this you, Doctor?"

"Yes," says Doctor.

"My mother-in-law is at death's door, so come up at once and help me to pull her through."

A farmer's wagon loaded with butter broke down. It stuck fast in a mud hole and the horse couldn't start it. "It's no use, Mister," said a small boy. "Your old horse ain't strong enough. Take him out an' hitch in a roll of yer butter."

Epstein—"My brudder is an oculist in ein kitchen."

Tufeldt—"Vat does he do?"

Epstein—"Takes de eyes oud of de potatoes."

An Irishman searching for a cow, came to a mile post which read: "Manchester, five miles," when he exclaimed: "Howly Moses, a man chased her foive miles!"

Theolog—"My doctor says I have to take a tonic."

Medico—"Why not try beer?"

Theolog (shocked badly)—"Oh, that's Ten-tonic."

He—"Bah! What is woman? A rag, a bone, and a hank of hair!"

She—"And man! A jar, a drone and a tank of air!"

"Och, Dennis, darling, phwat is it ye are after doin'?"

"Whist, Biddy! It's an exparimint Oi'm tryin'."

"Murther, phwat is it?"

"Faith, it's givin' hot wather to the hins. Oi'm thryin' to make thim lay biled eggs."

"Oh, Biddy, jewel!" exclaimed an affectionate Irish mother, "but my Teddy is the tinder-hearted little child. He'd knock your brains out wid a lump av a shtone if he only saw you but hurtin' a fly."

Cohen and Levy were in business together and Levy was travelling out West, and while out there died. The undertaker who took charge of the body wired Cohen: "Levy died, can embalm him for fifty dollars, or freeze him for twenty-five dollars." Cohen wired back, "Freeze him from his knees up for fifteen dollars, his legs were frost-bitten last winter."



H. A. HESSIAN

Originator and Editor of *Epistaxis* since its inception, bids farewell to its readers.

Ye Editor's Conception of Ye Dean

The Dean, he is a merry chap,
- Although a Superintendent;
His duties, heavy though they be,
Can't squelch that smile resplendent.

He says he's very busy
And maybe he speaks the truth,
But how his time is taken up
Is a mystery, forsooth!

Sure, every morning finds him
At the "General" sharp at eight;
His mail takes up an hour or so,
Then, just as sure as Fate—

A meeting of "The Governors"
Is staged for half-past nine,
But what we Meds would like to know
Is, what takes up his time?

At 10.15—a hurry call!
He's wanted at the Court
To give his weighty 'pinion on
A case of great import.

Insane or not insane?
He decides it in short measure.
But what we Meds would like to know
Is, what takes up his leisure?

At 11.10 he's back again,
"Nut" clinics he must hold;
On D.P.'s, G.P.'s and such
He speaks in accents bold.

A meeting of "The Faculty"
Claims him at ten to 12,
But how he gets enough to do
Is news for which Meds delve!

He says he never eats at all
Unless at Meds' expense (banquets),
So noon hour saved, he gets him shaved,
*Then lectures to the Dents!

At 2 he's in an awful stew,
He must attend the Senate,
But his leisure time? We Meds must know
Or else we're up again' it.

He's back at 3 and there to see
Him, wait ten men or so—
House doctors, agents, nurses, "Rep's,"
He sees them—never a "No!"

At 4.03 you'll likely see
The Dean at a "Bird" meeting,
But that won't help we Meds to learn
Just how his time goes meeting.

At 5 he signs his mail and then
Receives a deputation
From S.P.C.A., I.O.D.E.,
Now mark his great elation. (Some dames!)

Of these disposed, right home he goes
To dress for Freshmen's Dinner,
At which with miles and miles of smiles
He dubs their class—a winner!

And each day brings him similar things,
His LEISURE time to take up;
Perhaps these with his REGULAR work
Suffice to make a day up.

At any rate, we Meds agree
That whether or not he's busy,
To find a better Dean than ours
Is a task to make one dizzy.

*He does nothing of the sort, but we must have a rhyme.

A very absent-minded Doctor was a guest of honor one day, and when the assemblage entered the dining-room the host said to him:

"Now, Doctor, on account of your surgical skill, I'll ask you to carve."

The physician, his mind on other things, smiled absently, took the head of the table, and made a deep incision in the breast of the turkey.

Then he frowned, rummaged in his pocket, and brought out some absorbent cotton, a roll of bandages and a pair of pins. With these he proceeded to dress and bind up the wound he had made.

The guests looked on in amazement. The Doctor inserted the last pin, and patted the neat dressing he had made. Then he looked up and smiled.

"And now," he said, "let us hope that in a week, with rest and care, our patient will be on his feet again."